

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

A WRITER in a Vienna daily paper gives a realistic picture of the manner in which many persons living along the banks of the Danube make a living. He says that every year hundreds of corpses floating down the river are pulled ashore and robbed, after which they are thrown back into the water. "Year after year," says the writer, "hundreds of lifeless bodies—the mortal remains of suicides, victims of crime and victims of accidents—rise to the surface of the Danube, are swept along with the current and washed up on the land on one bank or the other. Here they are discovered by the 'hyenas' who rifle the corpses, and then, as a rule, kick them back on the waves, after which no human being worries about them more. Thousands of people vanish from the scene in this manner, no one ever learning what fate befell them. Blood-curdling crimes remain undiscovered, and the uncertainty whether a man is dead or will return again to his family and friends is often fraught with heavy losses to the latter. No mound marks the spot where these unfortunate people rest; they are struck out of the roll call of humanity; no trace reveals the course of their last long journey; they have simply vanished from the world like the lost wanderer in the desert who is buried beneath enormous sand waves, or like the famished traveler in the wilderness whose body becomes the food of birds of prey. And yet we are living in Europe."

THOMAS JENNINGS, of Pittsburg, possesses a cow that discounts all the billygoats in the city for a taste for old rubbish, but she hasn't good digestive organs. She is a blooded cow and has not been used to a diet of umbrellas and old cans. But during a late storm, while hay was scarce, she ate an umbrella. One day she was taken ill. It is supposed that the cow had swallowed it. At all events, one side of the bovine became much enlarged and the owner called in Dr. Coleman, a veterinary surgeon, to diagnose the case. This morning he paid his patient a visit and found an abscess in the right side of the animal, near the shoulder. He was convinced that something had entered the abscess, and by the use of his pincers he succeeded in catching hold of and pulling out one of the ribs of the umbrella. It was twenty-four inches in length, and attached to it was the brace, eighteen inches in length. Another examination followed and another rib was taken out. Again inserting his probe, the doctor came upon a soft substance which he felt certain was the lining of the lung of the cow. He gave a pull, and was rewarded in bringing out the cover of an umbrella, 22 by 24 inches. Another rib was also secured. The animal is still living and will doubtless recover, although the doctor is of the opinion that there are still other ribs under the skin.

"THE strangest test of will power and endurance ever made," said E. D. Gonsauls, of the City of Mexico, "was in Mexico, the characters participating being a Mexican girl and an American man. They were lovers, and the girl's parents refused their consent to any union, insisting that she should marry a wealthy Mexican suitor. At the suggestion of the girl they agreed to die together, and to test the strength and endurance of each other's love they chose a means of suicide unlike any ever dreamed of before. Food and fruit were placed on a table in the centre of a room occupied by both, the girl having escaped from her home, but being unwilling to elope with her lover. It was agreed that they should starve to death with plenty before them, and should either succumb to nature and partake of the food then both were released from the bond of death, and there should be an everlasting separation. For twelve days they endured the pangs of hunger without a murmur or a thought of wavering from their purpose to die together. The twelfth day the father of the girl discovered her whereabouts, and, breaking the door, they were carried out, too faint to stand alone. It took them several days to recover their strength, and when they did they were married. This is a true statement, and the American is living with his Mexican wife to-day."

A MOST remarkable case of theft was in Whitfield County, Georgia. A family living in the country left their home for a few months' visit. When the family returned there was no house, no barn, no stables and no fences, while a large hole had been dug where the house had formerly stood. Suspicion pointed to a man who occupied an adjoining farm, and after a rigid examination it was learned that he had first entered the house and stolen the cook stove. Then he took some other articles. His next move was to take the balance of the furniture to town and sell it. He then appropriated the fences, and later the outhouses to repair his own fences and buildings. Emboldened by success he tore down the dwelling-house and sold the lumber, and, not satisfied with stealing the furniture and house, he began to excavate the ground in order to fill a low place upon his own land.

CHEROKEE COUNTY, Ala., has a muscular prodigy. His name is Joe Chasey, and he weighs only 150

pounds. He was arrested recently and incarcerated in the jail at Centre, charged with burglarizing a store at Leesburg, Ala. As soon as they put him in jail he broke the door open and came out. They then chained him, supposedly, fast to the floor and a powerful chain was locked close about his neck and fastened to the floor, but before the jailer could arise to survey the job the prisoner had bursted the chains asunder and stood erect also. Some of his feats of skill and strength are bursting dungeon locks, pulling chains apart, drawing iron spikes from the walls, and breaking bars. It is said he can break the bars of the dungeon windows as easily as if they were toothpicks, and can pull a heavy chain in twain with the ease that an ordinary man can a silken cord.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S son, Mr. H. Somers Somerset, has had some exciting experiences during his shooting expedition in the Rocky Mountains. While north of the Canadian line the party lost themselves for two weeks, and had to subsist mainly on horseflesh. "Being driven to the starvation point," writes one of the party, "we killed one of our horses and roasted the meat before the fire. It didn't taste bad under the circumstances. During the twelve days that we had horseflesh straight and nothing else we travelled a couple of hundred miles. By that time our horse meat was all gone, and we had to decide upon killing a dog. We didn't care to kill another horse, as we couldn't spare one. We were about to kill the dog when we discovered one of the Hudson Bay posts, Fort McLeod, and our hardships ended."

The Mayor of a small village in Germany has discovered an effectual way of stopping duelling among the hot-headed citizens of that place. A few weeks ago two physicians quarrelled at a public dinner and challenged one another to fight with pistols. The village chief magistrate heard of the quarrel. He informed the village firemen, and together, drawing a machine, they proceeded to the lonely spot in the woods where the encounter was to take place. Just as the seconds had stepped off the distance a heavy stream of water struck one of the physicians in the neck. A moment later the second doctor was drenched to the skin also. The would-be fighters, in their dripping clothes, looked so ridiculous that they both burst out laughing, shook hands and returned to their homes, thanking the Mayor for his intervention.

A YOUNG man named John Rudy, living at Cammack, Ind., who has been an idiot since he was 6 years old, was caught by a couple of boys and scared for the fun of it, a few days ago, and when released he ran home, a distance of about two miles. Rudy, who had before been harmless, then became a dangerous maniac. The physicians who were called to examine Rudy said he might possibly survive the crisis and afterward not only regain his senses, but the shock which had been produced by his being scared was likely to restore him to a reasonably sound mind. This has now proven to be the case, as Rudy now talks and acts with comparative intelligence, and he is also harmless, as before, which is now looked upon by all as a wonderful restoration of the mind after an inaction of twenty-five years.

COLONEL A. T. FRASER has sent to London Nature an interesting note from Bellary with regard to two Hindu dwarfs which he photographed in the Kurnool district of the Madras Presidency, not far south of the River Kistna. In speech and intelligence the dwarfs were indistinguishable from ordinary natives of India. From an interrogation of one of them it appeared that he belonged to a family all the male members of which have been dwarfs for several generations. They marry ordinary native girls and the female children grow up like those of other people. The males, however, though they develop at the normal rate until they reach the age of six, then cease to grow and become dwarfs. These stunted specimens of humanity are almost helpless, and are unable to walk more than a few yards.

THE San Francisco Chronicle issues a sixty-four page paper devoted to accounts of the progress of the city and State during the past year. California mines yielded \$50,000,000 in 1893, of which \$13,000,000 was gold. The wheat crop was 36,000,000 bushels; grape brandy, 2,000,000 gallons; canned fruit, 1,000,000 cases; barley, 14,500,000 bushels; beans, 79,000,000 pounds; raisins, 63,500,000 pounds; dried fruits, 154,000,000 pounds; prunes, 47,000,000 pounds; wool, 30,500,000 pounds; hops, 48,000 bales. The total exports of California are estimated thus: Vegetables, 110,000,000 pounds; dried fruits, 92,000,000. The value of wheat exports was \$13,000,000; flour, \$3,500,000; exports of wine amounted to 11,000,000 gallons.

THERE is an interesting anomaly on a ranch near Burbank, Cal. A gentleman who moved out recently from the city and commenced farming on a small scale for the benefit of his health, bought, among other stock, a cow and eight young pigs. After a while it was noticed that the pigs thrived and rapidly grew fat, while the cow seemed to be eating her head off and giving no milk to speak of for family use. The cause was soon discovered in the fact that the little porkers were in the habit of sucking the cow, and the latter seemed to enjoy it immensely. In fact, when she was shut up away from the pigs she mourned as though she had lost her offspring.

AN automatic sculpturing machine operated by electricity has been patented by a French inventor. It is not intended to take the place of artists, but is used for making copies, and is also capable of making rough-hewn statues, upon which the talent of the sculptor can afterward work to better advantage than upon the rough block. The principle is that of the pantograph, there being two parts to the machine, one of which exactly reproduces the movements of the other. The operator guides one part over the lines of the statue which it is designed to copy, and a swiftly revolving chisel in the other cuts away at the outside of the block until the lines of the model are exactly reproduced.

It is odd to hear of a Chinese being scared merely by the means of a little music. Such a case did occur the other day at Singapore, we learn from the Straits Times, when a Chinese went into a house at Neil road and took up what he thought to be a cash box. He started off down the street, when suddenly the box broke forth into the melodious strains of the "Wandering Minstrel." The man dropped the box on the road, gave one look at it, turned his back upon it and bolted—straight into the arms of a constable.

In Cuba a woman never loses her maiden name. After marriage she adds her husband's name to her own. In being spoken of she is always called by her Christian and maiden names. To a stranger it is often quite a task to find out whose wife a woman is. Never hearing the wife called by the husband's name, one naturally does not associate them together. The children take the names of both parents, but place the mother's name after the father's.

At the first regular meeting of the London Court of Aldermen, after the installation of the new Lord Mayor, the court, in accordance with a quaint usage which had its origin as far back as 1377, resolved to send what is called "livery cloth" to certain high officers of the state—such as the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, and Master of the Rolls—four and one-half yards of the best black cloth to each.

THE Rev. John A. Burk, of Baltimore, recently received a barrel of oysters from Reedyville, Northampton County, Va. Upon opening one of the shells, the two parts of which were joined as if they held an oyster, a live fish two and one-half inches long fell from the shell and began to wriggle. The fish was put in water and is still alive. There was no oyster in the shell, the fish being the sole occupant.

Ants Bigger Than Foxes.

PLINY, that rare old gossip, tells among his other extraordinary stories that of the Baetrian method of obtaining gold. The sandy deserts of Baetria in the days of that historian were, so the old man says, literally swarming with ants "slightly bigger than foxes." These gigantic representatives of the genus *homenoptera* burrowed deeply into the sandy wastes, their tunnels and galleries often being hundreds of feet in extent. The earth removed from these burrows was always carried to the outside and thrown up in hills (remember Pliny says this) "of a bigness exceeding that of a palace." This debris—sand, earth, etc.—was soon found to be wonderfully rich in small nuggets of gold. The danger from the ants was greater, however, than that from the Indians in the early days of gold digging in the Western United States, and many stories are told of men who were literally devoured in a few moments by the fierce owners of some disturbed burrow.

Some observing old hunter at last discovered that the giant ants slept during the hottest hours of the day. After that the seekers after the yellow metal only made their incursions at the proper time, and even then they only stayed long enough in the deserts to fill their sacks with the golden sand, which they took home to sift at leisure. With all this precaution the ants often "swiftly pursued the fleetest horses, and it was only by using various stratagems that the invaders managed to escape alive."—(Chicago Times.)

The Canadian Sledge Dogs.

Mr. Cameron in his talk with a Courier reporter Sunday told of the dogs that are used for sledging during the winter in the Northwest territories of Canada. Six or eight dogs are used on each sledge. They are fed only once in each twenty-four hours, and that is in the morning before the start is made and after the dogs are in harness. At that time about four pounds of frozen fish are given to them. Everything must be in readiness for the start, and the men must look to it that they are at hand to jump on the sledges, for at the very instant that the last morsel of fish disappears the dogs are off at a break-neck speed. Strange as it may seem the drivers do not dare to feed the dogs unless they are in harness. Otherwise they would scatter, and nothing more would be seen of them. They are driven with one long rein attached to the leader. A whip with a very short handle and very long lash is used to urge them on, though in most cases they need no urging, for they seem to feel that the faster they go the quicker they will come to the post, where food and warmth and a lazy life await them. They travel often as far as ninety miles a day.—(Buffalo Courier.)

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A COASTING SONG.

HURRY, hurry! Through the snow,
Bobby's sled and Bobby go.
In the storm or pleasant weather,
Bobby and his sled together.
Blow your fingers, stamp your toes,
Don't let Jack Frost nip your nose!
Up the hill, and down again,
Lots of fun for little men!
—(St. Nicholas.)

LITTLE PEOPLE IN OTHER LANDS.

If you were a German child of four years, you would know how to weed your mother's garden without ever pulling up a flower or a vegetable, and you would do it, too, for little German boys and girls are taught to work in the fields almost as soon as they can walk. By the time you were twelve years old you would be quite an experienced farmer. If you remained in Germany the law would require you to go to school ten months out of every year until you were sixteen years old, but during the vacations and holidays your parents would train you to work out of doors, only there would not have to be any force about it for work would have become a habit to you, and you would enjoy it. A Japanese baby never learns how to creep; so if there is any truth in the old adage that you must "creep before you walk," it is no wonder that they are not very graceful walkers. The poor, tiny tots are taught to begin walking on their hands and the soles of their feet, and when they sit they squat on the soles of the feet, which must be tiresome enough.—(American Agriculturist.)

THE LITTLE PEOPLE FROM JAVA.

In the great Dream City that stood last summer by the blue waters of Lake Michigan there were as many as 50,000 real inhabitants.

To the visitor they seemed to be only a part of the scene; but to an inhabitant the visitors were the fleeing show, and he came to know and to like or dislike his neighbors as their manners or his fancy gave him cause. Near the part of the city where I lived was a district inhabited by the little people from Java. Their streets were so clean, their houses so pretty, and they looked out on the stranger with such cheerful, timid smiles, that they soon won the hearts of their neighbors, and their coffee-house came to be a favorite gathering-place. When I first visited their streets, I inquired of a bright little woman who sat before a tiny loom on the portico of her house whether she spoke English. She replied quickly:

"Na, na; no spik Inglis—all spik Chicago sax week"; and then the little woman went on weaving a sarong, meanwhile singing softly to herself. A sarong is a piece of batik, or cotton cloth, about three feet wide by six feet long. It is used by the Javanese men and women as a kind of skirt, being folded about the hips and tucked in under a belt.

But weaving a batik is only a small part of the work of making a sarong. Under another wide portico a patient, skillful woman sat drawing the most beautiful designs on the white cloth. First she made a border exactly like a backgammon board at each end of the cloth; then an inner strip of fantastic pictures of birds flying and spreading their wings; and then a maze of lines that seemed to get all tangled up, yet all came out in a regular figure in the end, just as the riders do at the circus when they all center out dressed as seventeenth century cavaliers.

The pencil with which this design was drawn should not, perhaps, be called a pencil at all—it is very different from the one St. Nicholas's artists use; it is a tiny bowl, about as big as an acorn, with a little curved spout, and is fastened on the end of a short bamboo handle. The bowl is filled with hot wax, which the woman keeps melting in a copper vessel over a charcoal fire. Every moment or two she dips the bowl in the vessel of wax, then blows in the spout, and draws a few lines before the wax cools.

When the design is complete the cloth is dipped in dyes, and when dry is washed in hot water. Then all the wax lines come off, leaving a white figure wherever they were traced, for the dye cannot get through the wax.

The most fantastic sarongs are made for the dancing-girls of the Royal Theatre of the Sultan of Solo. For them, too, the young Javanese girls embroider velvet bodies with gorgeous figures in colored silks.—(St. Nicholas.)

THE DOLLS' TEA PARTY.

It was very bright in the nursery. One could almost see to read by the moon's rays coming in through the big windows. But it was midnight, and no one but the dolls were there, and, of course, they could not read. Elizabeth and Marguerite, two wax beauties, lay in their handsome beds. Their young owner had not taken the trouble to undress them, but they reposed under the covers, their eyes closed as peacefully as if they were properly robed for the night.

Old Dinah, a battered, black doll in a turban, was stretched, face down, half way under the nursery lounge. Tim, a Chinese boy doll with an Irish name, stood propped up in one corner. Dot, a dainty bisque figure, with fluffy hair and a pink dress, sat in her own high chair. In the doll-house a family of china babies stood or sat or lay just where they had been left at bedtime. "Oh, oh," sighed poor black Dinah as the cuckoo clock stopped striking twelve. She turned herself slowly over and sat up stiffly. "Hello! Timé to have our fun," said Tim, stretching himself and walking out from his corner.

At this all the dolls in the nursery started up and began to rub their eyes. "What shall we do to-night?" asked Elizabeth, to which Dot replied at once: "Let's play tea." The feast consisted of crackers and fruit from the nursery cracker jar and fruit dish, and a pitcher of water. They had a merry time, for each one told a funny story or some pleasant incident which the rest did not know about. "Now, isn't this nice?" said Dot, with a sigh of delight. "Isn't it better than a tea table, where your mistress preps

you up and you have to stay there and cannot say a word? I like night time better than daytime, anyway, because then there is no one around and we can move and speak. I wonder why it is against the rule for dolls to do that when people are by?"

"I wish it would be night time for a whole year," said one of the doll-house dolls. "Oh, what's that?"

"What's what?" cried all the dolls, jumping from the table and running around wildly.

The door handle was rattled and then the door opened, to the dolls' horror. A white figure, starting in the moonlight, came softly in. It was the dolls' mistress. Her feet were bare and her eyes wide open, but she did not seem to see anything. She walked towards the lounge, stepping on Dinah as she passed. Then she stopped and picked up the doll, lay down with her on the lounge, drew the gray worsted afghan over herself, and did not move again.

SPANISH MATCH BOYS.

The Typical Street Urchins of Madrid.

Madrid's typical street urchin is the match vender. I can best illustrate some of his qualities by the following little anecdote from real life. After Queen Isabella had been expelled from Spain, in the latter part of the sixties, the throne of that country was offered to Amadeus, the second son of the King of Italy. Victor Emmanuel, and accepted by him. At the head of the Liberal party stood Marshal Prim, the conqueror of Morocco, and as he had practically headed the revolution against the Queen, a number of adherents of the latter decided to remove him. One day Prim was driving in a crowded Madrid street, when two men in a close carriage came up alongside of him and emptied their pistols into his body. Then in the ensuing confusion they drove off unnoticed by the crowd. One person had witnessed the whole performance, a match-vender by the name of Ramon Guispart. With the agility of a monkey he jumped up on the crossbar at the rear of the vehicle and was carried away to the hiding-place of the assassins. When he had assured himself of his location he jumped off and betook himself with the information to the chief of police. However, as was afterwards proved at a special inquiry, a police clerk in the pay of the conspirators warned the latter of their impending arrest, and when a force of constables reached their lair the fugitives had fled. Guispart nevertheless was rewarded with a position in the police department, and distinguished himself by the capture of many dangerous criminals. He died five years ago, after exposing the methods of the terrible Black Hand Society in Andalusia.

As a rule, Madrid's little match-vender is ragged, dirty, ubiquitous—a perfect little black-eyed imp who will not accept a refusal, and whose appealing glances and insinuating whine only the hardest can withstand. In Madrid every grown-up person smokes cigars or cigarettes eighteen hours out of twenty-four; hence the demand for matches is constant, and the chico de las cerillas is bound to make a living if he remains alert. His favorite resort is the Puerta del Sol, the centre of the capital's whirl, where above the noise of vehicles and the hum of the passing throng is heard his shrill cry of "Cerillas, Senor, cerillas!" He carries his wares in a little square box suspended in front of his chest by a strap passed back of his neck. His stock consists of various kinds of matches, including those of wax in gayly ornamented paper boxes, and the large odoriferous Vesuvian of English importation. His most costly brand he retails for about three cents, the cheapest for one penny. These match-boys are a troublesome set at times, as they are fond of forming into cliques with fierce rivalries, leading often to personal encounters. On such occasions the Spanish boy is unfortunately not satisfied to depend on the weapons nature has given him, but will seize a knife or stone to attack his adversary. His redeeming trait, however, is his intense love for his parents, to whose necessities he will devote his last penny.—(Harper's Young People.)

They are High-Toned.

The common Greeks in Athens, as well as in Constantinople, do not regard themselves as Europeans, though they would probably feel insulted if you called them Asiatics, says a writer in the Queen. Constantinople may consequently be divided roughly into Pera, the European quarter; Galata, the Greek quarter, and Stamboul, the ancient Turkish city, which was Greek before it became Turkish by conquest. There is also a smaller Greek quarter left on the Stamboul side, which contains the Patriarchate. There are half a million Greeks in Constantinople. Pera is the least interesting portion of the city, but its sanitation is the best, and you are not liable to be killed by a too faithful son of the prophet or eaten up by dogs for venturing out at night.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Enlightens the Club on the Essentials of Sacred History.

"If Brudder Comealong Jackson an' Brudder Standup Johnson an' de hall to-night I wish 'em to step dis way," said Brother Gardner when the routine business of the last meeting of the Limekiln Club had been disposed of.

The brothers named were present and after considerable hesitation they arose and advanced to the platform. It was seen that Comealong had lately lost three front teeth and that Standup had one eye closed and a battered nose.

"Gem'len," observed the president as he looked down on them with a very serious countenance, "by-law No. 742 of article 321 plainly reads dat members of dis club shall not ingage in religius or political argyments or discushuns. About ebery three months for de last five y'ars I have called speshul atenshun to dat by-law. On three different occasions members hav bin expelled fur breakin' dat rule. In spite of all dat has bin said an' done, however, de two members befo' me hev bin guilty not only of breakin' de rule, but of tryin' to break each other's heads. Brudder Jackson, what yo' got to say fur yo' self?"

"I said dat Eve had red ha'r, sah," "Brudder Johnson, what yo' got to say?"

"I said she didn't hev," "An dat precipitated a mortal combat?"

"Yes, sah," "Befo' de mortal combat was precipitated, however, boaf of yo' called each other liars, and hoss thieves, an' robbers?"

The guilty pair bowed their heads in acknowledgment.

"Brudder Jackson, did yo' eber see Eve?"

"No, sah," "Did yo', Brudder Johnson?"

"No, sah," "Kin either one o' yo' pint me to any description given to color o' her ha'r?"

They mumblyingly acknowledged their inability to do so.

"Now, yo' harken to me!" exclaimed the president, as he drew himself up and emphasized his words with extended arm. "De verdict an' dat boaf of yo' be bounced out o' dis club fo' with—right off—widin a minit—an' dat under no circumstances will yo' be restored to membership! I ze gwine to put a stop to dis sort of bizness if I hev to bounce ebery member o' de Limekiln Club an' run Paradise Hall all alone! De idea of two ole gray-headed niggers wastin' deir braaf ober de color of de ha'r of a woman who libed thousands of y'ars ago! Who knows whether her ha'r was red, black, white or pea green? Who keeps? How you gwine to find out if yo' do keep?"

"Please, sah," began Brother Jackson as he looked up.

"Silence!" thundered the president. "Nuffin yo' kin say will change my decishun! I want all members of dis club to thoroughly understand de posishun of affairs befo' we drop dis subjiek. Dar was an Adam an an Eve. Dey resided in de Ga'den of Eden. Eve tempted Adam, an dey had to move. Dat's plenty; dat's all we want to know. We doan' keer 2 cents how tall dey war, how much dey weighed, or what was de size of deir feet."

"Dar was a flood. Noah built an ark an floated aroun' an was saved. We choke off right dar. We doan' keer whether he was married or single—white or black—l or short. We doan' keer whether it rained fo' ty days or only thirty-nine an' a half."

"Cain killed his brudder Abel wid a club. It's none o' our bizness to ax whether dot club was of oak or hickory—whether de killin' took place Sunday mornin' or Wednesday evenin'. We doan' keer whether it was outdoors or in de house."

"Dan'l was cast into a den of lions—mebbe six. Mebbe dem lions was hungry—mebbe not. Dey didn't want no fuss wid Dan'l. Why dey didn't an none o' our business. All we keer for am dat Dan'l got out all right."

"Jonah was swallowed by a whale an' cast up agin. Was it a small whale or a big one? Was he black or white? Was he waitin' dar to swallow Jonah, or did he just happen 'long at de right minit? None o' our bizness! All we keer fur is dat he was cast out agin."

"Dis am whar I stand, gem'len, an' whar I shall continue to stand, an' such as can't stand wid me kin take a walk! Brudders Jackson and Johnson, yo' kin make yo' selves skass! Git out an' stay out! Yo' can't come yerre no mo'! If, in gwine down de alley together, one of you declares dat Job had chilblains 'stead of biles, an' de odder calls him a liar an' gits up a fight, it won't be nuffin' to dis club and nobody will interfere. We will now blow out de lamps and prognosticate homewards."—(Chicago Times.)

Anything to Oblige.

During the strike of the officials of the North British Railway a few years ago much difficulty was experienced in finding qualified engine-drivers to maintain the necessary train service. Upon one occasion a young fellow was put upon a section in Fife. One day he ran some distance past a certain station, and, upon putting back, he went as far the other way. The stationmaster, seeing him preparing for another attempt, to the great amusement of the passengers on the platform, shouted: "Just stay where ye are, Tammas. We'll shift the station."—(Yankee Slide.)